What I want from you, is empty your head. Well they say, be true, and don't stain your bed._ But we do what we need to be free, and this leans on me just like a root-less tree._ What I want from us, is empty your minds. And we fake, the fuss, and fracture the times, but we go blind, when we've need to see, and this leans on me just like a root-less;

You and all we've been through. I said leave it 'cos it's
no thing to you and if you hate me

and hate me so good that you can let me out,

let me out, let me out of this hell when you're around.

Let me out, let me out, let me out.

hell when you're around. Let me out, let me out, let me out.

What I want from this, is

learnto let go_ And no not, of you, of all that's been told. And killers, rein

vent and believe_ and this leans on me_ just like a rootless; You
Let me out, let me out,
let me out, let me out,
let me out, let me out,

hell when you're around—

Let me out, let me out,

— no-thing to you and if you hate me
and hate me so good that you can let me out.

and all we've been through I said leave it.

let me out, 'cos it's hell when you're around—

Let me out, Let me out, let me out, let me out

— you can let me out.

You
Let me out, let me out, let me out, hell when you're around.